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L. LII

APRIL, 1922

NO. 4

# Life and Light for Woman

Wherever Christ looms large as the great central reality, men and women fall down before Him and do what is logically implied. Wherever the living Christ breathes upon a little company or a great company, the right motives assert themselves and dominate—such motives as gratitude to Him, for what He does on those occasions when they come face to face with Him as a living Christ, with all that this logically implies. Wherever He stands out as He is, *the living Christ*, people see that it carries with it the fact that He has right of way to themselves and all they possess or ever may possess. Likewise the motive of obedience to His beckoning hand. I repeat it, *the living Christ*. It is inconceivable that the Christ Who rose from the dead should stand out before any individual who acknowledges Christ, or in any company, and not accomplish marvelous things.

—John R. Mott.

**Congregational Woman's Boards  
of Missions**  
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON

# CONTENTS

|                                                                           |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Easter Poem (Frontispiece)                                                |     |
| At the Mission Center in Erivan. <i>By Myrtle O. Shane</i>                | 121 |
| Editorials                                                                | 122 |
| Financial Statement                                                       | 126 |
| Elsie M. Garretson                                                        | 127 |
| A Joyous Report from Johannesburg. <i>By Alice Weir</i>                   | 128 |
| Classes and Meetings at Miss Root's Bungalow, Madura                      | 130 |
| Opening the First Settlement House in Asia Minor. <i>By Sara E. Snell</i> | 133 |
| Five Open Doors in Bombay. <i>By Emily R. Bissell</i>                     | 138 |
| BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE PACIFIC                                          |     |
| Editorials                                                                | 142 |
| A Tribute from a Fellow Worker. <i>By John K. Browne</i>                  | 143 |
| FIELD CORRESPONDENTS                                                      |     |
| Dr. Hamilton on the way to Aintab writes from Aleppo                      | 145 |
| Miss Esther B. Fowler writes from Sholapur, India                         | 146 |
| Extracts from a letter written by Miss Eunice Thomas                      | 147 |
| Miss Nutting of Foochow writes                                            | 149 |
| Miss Griswold, Maebashi, writes of the school work                        | 151 |
| Miss Melissa Cilley writes from Barcelona, Spain                          | 152 |
| Miss Annie Barker writes of the religious side of Gedik Pasha             | 154 |
| The Call of the Sun. <i>By Mrs. Charles H. Daniels</i>                    | 156 |
| Bookshelf                                                                 | 158 |
| JUNIOR DEPARTMENT                                                         |     |
| To Girls and Junior Leaders                                               | 160 |
| Here and There Stories                                                    | 163 |
| A Soliloquy                                                               | 164 |
| Receipts                                                                  | 164 |

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## Easter Day

How would my heart keep Easter Day?  
Not as bereft!—For this I pray;  
Let my heart keep its open door  
And all I love be mine once more  
Because He lives: smile answer smile  
And voices hushed to me awhile  
Re-echo in my heart's glad room,  
Where white and gold and purple bloom.  
The loved ones here, those long away,  
And some who left but yesterday,  
Let all be mine on Easter Day.

How would my soul keep Easter Day?  
O risen Christ, for this I pray,  
Quicken my soul on Easter Day.  
From bitter things of life that press,  
From the vain things called happiness,  
From things that cloy and clog and cling,  
From days of faithless questioning,  
From selfish aim, from low desire,  
O soul of mine, rise and aspire  
To things above. For this I pray,  
O risen Christ, on Easter Day.

How would my life keep Easter Day?  
Not as they walked Emmaus way  
With head bowed low and hopeless mien,  
Placing the seen for things unseen,  
No ray of light to pierce the gloom  
Of cross, of death, of sealed tomb.  
But as they knew in breaking bread  
Their Christ, their Lord, their Risen Head,  
And shining-faced the message bore  
O'er the sad way they walked before,  
Telling to all upon the way  
That Christ the Lord is risen to-day;  
So let my life keep Easter Day.

—Ella Hays McRae

*Courtesy of Missionary Friend*

# Life and Light

Vol. LII

April, 1922

No. 4

## At the Mission Center in Erivan

By Myrtle O. Shane

It is hopeful news which comes from Miss Myrtle Shane in a letter dated January 24, 1922 at Erivan. She is once more engaged in mission work at an American Board Mission Station. It will be remembered that for some time she has been one of the executive heads of the orphanage work at Alexandropol under the Near East Relief. In the following letter she tells how the call came for her to return to missionary work again and how she was able to accept it.—*The Editor.*

INCE my return from my vacation in Constantinople I have delayed writing owing to the fact that I felt quite sure, especially after Mr. Maynard's coming to Tiflis, that I would soon be giving up the Near East Relief work for American Board work in Erivan and I wanted to be able to write you definitely. About three weeks ago Mr. Maynard wrote asking me to join him, and Mr. Yarrow consented to release me.

Although, as you know, I am deeply interested in the work of the N. E. R. I have felt for some time that if other workers could be secured I ought to take up work more along the line of missionary effort and I told Dr. Peet when I was in Constantinople that if any Board workers were sent to Erivan I should be glad to enter into the work, too.

Miss Hill, who has taken over my work at the Polygon, was formerly my assistant at Kazachi Post and has now returned to the work. She is very capable and is a charming young woman. It was a great comfort to give the work over to some one I knew and a great comfort to the native workers, who feared that someone would come whom they would not like. Before leaving I had evidences of appreciation of my work, both from Americans and native workers, which made me feel very happy. It will always be a pleasure to recall the years that I have spent with the N. E. R. though they have been strenuous ones.

I came to Erivan two days ago and find that Mr. Maynard is very much encouraged about the future. Dr. Ussher is now planning to leave although he does not say when. Last Sunday there were 580 children present in Sunday school. There are about seventy communicant members of the church, four Bible women, three traveling evangelists, one of whom is a Gregorian priest who is practically a Protestant. There are three village schools,—a kindergarten and grade school already organized in the city. If the work fails it will not be for lack of interest on the part of the people. If political conditions remain as stable as they have been for the past year we have much to hope for.

I am taking over the schools and the Bible work tomorrow. If it seems that the work can be continued I think that Miss Silliman will join us a few months later. She has been doing a splendid work as head of the Educational Department at the Polygon and is very much interested in it.

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## Editorials

Miss Minnie E. Carter of Inanda Seminary landed in New York February 12. During her furlough she hopes to study at the Bible School, New York. She is much loved in Inanda Seminary and the missionaries there wish she would "come back with two more like herself."

### Personals.

Miss Carolyn Welles of the Marathi Mission is to be married April 5 to Dr. Francis Ellis of the Presbyterian Mission, Western India. She will be greatly missed from the Josephine Kindergarten and Mary Harding Training School at Sholapur.

Mrs. Edwards at Inanda Seminary, who recently had a severe attack of cardiac asthma, has recovered though still suffering some pain from rheumatism. She is up and out of her room at seven A. M., and takes special interest in helping a little African girl during school vacation to get caught up with regular lessons. The child was seriously ill when Mrs. Edwards saved her life by careful nursing.

The missionaries in Bombay have been much heartened by the coming of Miss Agnes Inglis to help at Bowker Hall. "How she gets on so well with no knowledge of Marathi is a continual surprise. How shall we ever get on without her!"

Miss Eva Earle is proving a great addition to the staff of our school at Matsuyama, Japan. In addition to her exceptional qualifications as a teacher, she is an accomplished violinist much appreciated at church and in school. Miss Earle is teaching English classes, leaving Miss Hoyt, the capable principal of the school more free for executive work. The alumnae of the Matsuyama school recently held a bazaar which realized \$250 for the benefit of the school.

Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Bartlett are returning to the Japan Mission after an interval of several years spent in this country with their children, during which time Mr. Bartlett has served in the pastorate of several churches, lately in Peace Dale, Rhode Island. They sailed March 23 from Vancouver and will be located at Kyoto where Mr. Bartlett will teach at The Doshisha. A warm "welcome home" is assured these useful and well-beloved workers.

Rev. and Mrs. Frederick P. Beach and family of Foochow reached Boston March 4 and are at the Auburndale Home.

The centenary of the Madura Mission is to be celebrated in 1934. Already the churches of that mission are laying plans and making preparations for a notable celebration. The Christian women are especially active in the preparatory work. The following items are in their programme:

1. Increase in church membership.
2. Strong in spirit: Every member needs the fruits of the Spirit.
3. Educated in mind: Each one teach one.
4. Zeal in service: Saved to serve.
5. Independence in government: Aim for improvement in Sabbath observance, attendance at worship, the family altar.

The quota assigned to Massachusetts for the Fund now being raised for new buildings and equipment for the Women's Union

**Massachusetts Campaign for Union Colleges.** Christian Colleges was \$100,000. During 1920-21, about \$50,000 of this was secured through individual gifts and by presenting the little pageant, "Lighting the Christmas Candles."

Widespread interest is felt this spring in the effort now on foot to raise the remaining half of the sum assigned. Eastern Massachusetts has been divided into nine districts in each of which an interdenominational committee is appointed to plan for meetings or for a canvass of the towns and villages. A similar effort will be made in Western Massachusetts.

While reminding the Congregational women again that gifts for this purpose cannot be counted on local or state apportionments we would urge all our leaders in Branch and local societies to co-operate cordially in planning for such meetings and to endeavor to induce all women who are interested in colleges at home to attend and to help by their sympathetic interest whether able to make individual gifts or not. In every community are those who are not giving largely to Mission Boards, but who may be properly and hopefully approached for assistance in this nationwide Campaign.

Rhode Island completed its quota last year; New York City is seeking for \$100,000, as large a sum as the entire state of Massachusetts is asked to give, of which \$83,000 was pledged at the luncheon at the Hotel Commodore, January 14. Mrs. Peabody has just returned from a tour through Pennsylvania and Ohio and reports very encouraging gifts, but the working time is lessening, for the promise to add \$1,000,000 to the \$2,000,000 to be given by Boards and individuals from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Fund is good only till January, 1923.

The country of India, now so especially in the eye of the world as a center of the conflict going on in many lands for nationalistic supremacy, has been chosen as the theme of next year's mission study. Dr. Daniel J. Fleming has written the senior book, "Building with India," which has been published jointly

**New Text Books for 1922-1923.**

by the Missionary Education Movement and the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. The chapter headings give some idea of the scope and intensity of the approach which Dr. Fleming has made to this subject. Chapter I, India's Heritage; Chapter II, Handicaps to Progress; Chapter III, Efforts at Self-Help; Chapter IV, Co-operation of the Christian West; Chapter V, The Distinctive Opportunity in India; Chapter VI, The Indian Church.

In a later number a detailed review of this book will appear, written by one well qualified by birth and inheritance to speak of the subject treated. The price of the book, now on sale, is fifty cents in paper, seventy-five cents in cloth.

In line with the senior book is a delightful study of girlhood in India, by Miss Alice Van Doren, a missionary of the Reformed Church in America, whose life in India has well fitted her to treat this theme. The book is intended primarily for young women's societies, college mission study groups, girls' guilds, etc., but may well be taken as a handbook by any company of women who wish to gain a closer knowledge of the life of girls in India. The title is "Lighted to Lighten," the motto of the Madras Christian College, and the price is fifty cents. It is published by the Central Committee.

The third book in this series has been written by Rev. Alden H. Clark, associate secretary of the American Board and a missionary in Ahmednagar for fifteen years. This is published by the Missionary Education Movement as a text book at summer conferences, church schools of missions, Y. M. C. A. classes or any group of young people who wish a virile and worth while picture of "India on the March."

A charming book for the tiny folks, illustrated with a fascinating color scheme by Louise Clark, is just coming from the press. The poems are written by Mrs. Amelia Josephine Burr Elmore, in her own inimitable way and will make a perfectly irresistible gift book for children from four to seven. It is called the "Garden of Missionary Verse in India" and will be sold for seventy-five cents, a very moderate price indeed when one con-

siders its literary and artistic merit. Order early as the edition is not large.

That line of losses across the month of February would be very discouraging were it not for the record of the months that have gone before. The summary from October 18th tells a better story, showing as it does a loss from legacies only and a splendid increase from the Branches as well as total gain. We trust the loss this month does not mean that there has been any feeling that efforts can be relaxed because the gain in contributions seems already to have exceeded the increase sought for the year. It is essential to bear in mind the fact that during the closing weeks of last year \$31,000 came to the Board through a special appeal and extraordinary exertion on the part of the Branches. We are most eager that there may be no necessity for an extra appeal this fall. In order to avoid this the \$31,000 should be spread as a gain over the earlier part of the year. Thus the time has not yet come to be complacent. The loss for February perhaps is a wholesome danger signal. May it be duly heeded!

**THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD**  
**RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, FEBRUARY 1—28, 1922**

|                   | From<br>Branches<br>and C. W. M. | From<br>Other<br>Sources | From<br>Legacies and<br>Reserve<br>Legacy Fund | Income<br>from In-<br>vestments<br>& Deposits | TOTAL       |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|-------------|
| <b>1921</b> ..... | \$11,699.08                      | \$519.17                 | \$385.32                                       | \$599.75                                      | \$13,203.32 |
| <b>1922</b> ..... | 10,947.65                        | 113.00                   | 151.50                                         | 413.00                                        | 11,625.15   |
| <b>Gain</b> ..... |                                  |                          |                                                |                                               |             |
| <b>Loss</b> ..... | \$751.43                         | \$406.17                 | \$233.82                                       | \$186.75                                      | \$1,578.17  |

OCTOBER 18, 1921—FEBRUARY 28, 1922

|                   |              |            |             |            |              |
|-------------------|--------------|------------|-------------|------------|--------------|
| <b>1921</b> ..... | *\$61,948.17 | \$4,943.95 | \$14,297.29 | \$2,780.70 | *\$83,970.11 |
| <b>1922</b> ..... | 85,533.75    | 5,643.92   | 11,761.41   | 3,262.91   | 106,201.99   |
| <b>Gain</b> ..... | \$23,585.58  | \$699.97   |             | \$482.21   | \$22,231.88  |
| <b>Loss</b> ..... |              |            | \$2,535.88  |            |              |

\*This sum does not include \$25,225.17 received from the Congregational World Movement Emergency Fund.

## Elsie M. Garretson

Word has been received by cable from Foochow of the death of Miss Garretson on March 4—her seventy-fifth birthday. Miss Garretson went to China in 1880 and was for a short time connected with the North China Mission, being located in Kalgan.

Her friend, Miss Ella Newton, then principal of the Ponasang Girls' School in Foochow, was anxious to have her as an associate and she was soon transferred to Foochow. In 1907, after Miss Newton's death, she became principal of the school—a post

she filled with single-hearted devotion until 1916 when she felt the educational work should be placed in the hands of her younger associates, and Miss Elizabeth S. Perkins succeeded her as principal. Miss Garretson was for many years supported by the Auxiliary of the Old South Church of Boston. Her early home was in Bound Brook, New Jersey, but she leaves no near relatives.

After leaving the school Miss Garretson gave her whole time to work with the older women in their homes, being associated with several very devoted Bible women. This is typical of the spirit and aim of Miss Garretson's life. Never for a moment, in the midst of an overload of administrative and routine work, did she lose sight of the religious life as the supreme gift she was to bring to her girls as her women. Hers was a life of service, under the control of the one great aim. In laying down the school and taking up the evangelistic work for women, she seemed eminently happy. Without any effort or desire still to control, as an old teacher in China can control, her old scholars and teachers, she kindly and sweetly gave herself to the evangelistic work with apparent great contentment and it was only a few weeks before her death she felt the time had come when she



Miss Garretson.

could no longer go about the work. She had her wish to remain in active service to the end of her life and now with the others who have made the same gift to China, she lies where she wanted to be, in China.

F. P. B.

## A Joyous Report from Johannesburg

By Alice Weir

**W**E have much cause for thankfulness in our work here. In many ways we see the leading of our Lord and Master. Our Sunday school and women's work is still growing, which makes us very happy. Our girls' Bible class on Wednesdays, and our boys' class on Sundays are a cause of much thankfulness. Some of our big lads and girls who were with us when the work was started by Mrs. Bridgman are still coming to Bible class. Some, in fact most of our older boys, are now working but still remain faithful to their class.

The boy who wrote for books has come back to town to work and is a faithful attendant in the Bible class. I received one magazine with the Springfield postmark. I am not sure who sent it but I passed it on to him and I must thank the friend who sent it. When I write the Springfield Branch I will mention that I received it.

I must tell you about our Sunday school picnic although it is some time past. We left the church about eight o'clock one bright sunny morning. It would have done your heart good to see our six wagons (filled with happy children) leave the church. We had about 175 children and twenty parents and friends. The children were wild with excitement and expectation. Some of them had never been on a picnic before. We went out to a fine shady spot near the Zoo and by special permission we were allowed to take the children into the Zoo. It was a great treat for them to see the live animals they had heard so much about in day school. After this they had games and ran races. At mid-day they had a good meal which they all enjoyed very much. It was a perfect day except for a heavy shower of rain which

caused us to return early. However, it did not dampen the spirits of the children who reached home tired but happy. Had it not been for the kindness of some of the business people in town, giving us the use of the wagons free of charge, our expenses would have been very much heavier than we could have met, but as it was we had only the food to provide.

In my last letter, I told you Dr. Bridgman was trying hard to get a hall in which we could hold a Sunday school for the children at the Newlands Location as so many of our children had gone out there to live. There were many difficulties in the way, but after much hard work he was successful in getting a hall near the Location. We opened on December 20. We had no way of letting the children know of our coming on that afternoon as it was late in the week before we knew the hall would be ready. In spite of this fact, by ringing a bell and calling the children, we opened our first school with sixty-four present. The following Sunday we had 110 children, the third Sunday we had 132 and last Sunday we had 144 in attendance. We do feel that God is blessing our effort. There is no other native Sunday school at the Location at present.

When the children entered the hall they could not refrain from cheering, it was an inspiration to hear them. There are some rough diamonds among them, but we know that the grace of God will change them before long. We all feel so happy about this new-branch of the work as it is in answer to our united prayers.



Miss Alice Weir and a Part of Her Flock.

## Classes and Meetings at Miss Root's Bungalow, Madura

### Bible Women Help Her Entertain Indian Guests

**G**OU said you would like to look in upon me some time, so if you will come just now I will show you a large group of Indian women sitting on the mats in my large drawing room. We have just had a heavy shower,—this is the rainy season, you know,—and I wondered if many would come, but some twenty-five or so have ventured. There are several Bible women and a number of girls, big and little. We first sew on the patchwork sent us from America. Our special work is to make these up into coverlets for the hospital cots, and some small ones for the babies. The girls and women first begin on little pieces of cloth, then when they sew well enough they make the quilts. We put white or colored cloth on one side, and the bright colored patchwork pieces make a bright colored coverlet. Then we sometimes make small bags, such as women like to carry. Some of the women learn to cut a *ravara*, the little jacket that many wear. They try first on newspaper and then bring their own cloth for their jacket.

After we finish the quilts we go over to the hospital, a long



string of us, and present them to the doctor. She lets us go over the new hospital, which is quite an education for those who have never seen a hospital before, and there are sure to be some such. When they see the happy patients and the good care they have they will not be so afraid to go themselves should they need help.

We make a good deal of noise, so perhaps you will be frightened. The girls have bright colored small sticks which they hit together as they sing the songs. Then there is a drill, which they all enjoy, also various games. I am at home for this day to receive all who come.

We are getting ready for a big meeting when we expect those girls to sing and tell Bible stories as part of the entertainment. We finish up this sewing and playtime generally with songs and prayer. I am writing this between times. Now I must go and give my attention to them. The Bible women help me with these classes and meetings. One Bible woman plays the violin or "fiddle," as they call it, and helps in the plays and songs. Others help in the sewing and writing down the names in the register book. We have a grand march and end this with a skip and hop which makes all very merry. Often these girls and women have exacting husbands and friends and they feel the relief of a good



time at the bungalow. This is a regular thing every Tuesday, and larger meetings once a month or so.

I wonder if I have told about my Sunday school for Hindu boys? I began it in the bungalow, but so many came and made such a noise that I took them over to the little schoolhouse in the compound. A kindergarten for our Christian boys and girls is held there on week days. Many of the boys from the silk weaver caste came, and many from other castes. These boys are eager to learn Bible stories and verses and songs. They are in grammar school and high school grades mostly. Several times there has been a little disturbance from their friends who are jealous lest they imbibe too much of our Christian teaching and decide to become Christians. Sometimes their mothers come to see what sort of a place their boys frequent, but they usually stay and become interested themselves. All over the city they have heard of this school and often come in crowds. I give them cards as they learn verses, and here is where I use many of the cards you send.



A Madura Evangelist and His Family.

## Opening the First Settlement House in Asia Minor

By Sara E. Snell

**M**OST of you who read this letter already know something of the new Settlement House, but for the sake of others who have heard little or nothing about it I am going to begin at the beginning very briefly.

Near the suburb of Smyrna, called Paradise, where the American College for boys is located, is a little Greek village named Prophet Elia because its church is dedicated to that prophet (Elijah in English). The large open valley, surrounded by beautiful mountains where Paradise and Prophet Elia are situated, is very green and fertile, especially near the banks of the small river which winds through it. The actual location of Prophet Elia, however, is very rough and rocky, in some places the little huts seem to rise directly out of masses of the same dark rock of which their walls are made. The village is composed of perhaps between 100 and 150 houses which border on either side of the river or straggle up the hillside. One main road which runs into Smyrna, follows the river bank. Save for that there is no real attempt at laying out the village with any system save for one or two short rough streets on the hillside and numerous foot-paths. The houses are mostly built of uneven pieces of the native stone with a little cement on the most pretentious ones. All the roofs are of the red or mottled tiling which is universally used in Smyrna.

Most of the families in Prophet Elia are really very poor, especially now that many of the men are called into the Greek Army, leaving their wives and children oftentimes practically unprovided for. The poorer people of the village live in tiny houses, often mere huts of only one or two rooms. A few, however, are better off and have well constructed homes of two stories. There is a little village school which gives about 100 children instruction up to the fifth or sixth grade. There are only two teachers for this school now, one man and one woman, so it seems to me that they must have their hands full. The

village church is well known in the city, I suppose because of its location near the pretty river valley and its services are often attended by people who come out from Smyrna.

Before the war some of the Americans connected with the College at Paradise began a sort of community work in a rented house in a central part of the village, but all their attention had to be given to relief work in the village during the war. Then the plan came up of building a permanent house to be a community center run by the college, with the double purpose of helping the people of the village and of training the older College students in such constructive social work, thus following the methods of the college settlements in America. It has been the hope that with such a house might be made the beginning of a settlement movement in Smyrna and perhaps in Asia Minor.

In the summer of 1921, work was begun on the building under the direction of Dr. McLachlan, the president of the College. Seven boys who are working their way through College were employed during the summer,—many men of the village helped also, one giving his services for two days, another bringing a load of stone, another loaning his donkey for one day, etc. By this time all the villagers knew of the work and were much interested.

The house is very solidly built of the native gray stone with the usual red tiled roof. Below is one large room with an open fireplace where we have clubs and classes for the men and boys. Adjoining this is a small room where the doctor sees his patients on clinic days, and which I can use as an office or the caretaker and his wife as a sitting room at other times. On the ground floor there is also a small kitchen and a hall-way large enough to be used as a room. On the second story the same plan is carried out of one large room, used for the women and girls and children; one small room which is my sitting room and office, my bedroom, and over the hall, the private room of the caretaker.

I began my work in the village by making a tour of the place

with Miss Kefala, a young Greek teacher of the American Girls' School in the city, who has been my chief assistant in many ways. We called at nearly every home and were invariably received with the greatest cordiality and hospitality, often being invited to come in, to sit in the best seats, and to eat some of the sweets always ready for guests.



Playtime.

Every day from about four until five or later we have the play outside unless the weather is very bad. Two or three of the college boys from the upper classes play football, volley ball or other games with the older boys of the village while I play group games or sometimes do folk dancing with the girls and little boys. About five o'clock all the boys are sent home except the group of six to ten who have their club that particular afternoon. Mr. Harlow is planning the activities of these clubs, which are led by college students, following some of the boy scout lines of work. On every Saturday afternoon, when the children have no school, we have a fine kindergarten, taught by Miss Kefala, where many of the first and second grade children get some of the lessons the little village school is un-

able to give them, especially hand-work, games, stories and songs. How they do love it! About twenty children usually come. At the same time a sewing class is being held down stairs for girls of about twelve where they make practical things, mostly undergarments which they bring from home. This group is led by a young Greek lady, Miss Michaelidou.

For the women of the village we have a Bible class every Friday afternoon led by Mrs. McLachlan who knows Greek perfectly. She says that she has to speak in the simplest language because so many of the women are very ignorant. The service in their church is in the ancient Greek, of course, and means little to them, while a sermon is rarely preached in the smaller churches. We have had many evidences that this class means much to the women who attend, but I am anxious to increase the attendance by visiting in the homes and telling other women of these meetings. I am also especially anxious to begin a young mothers' club, which I hope Mrs. Reed will lead with simple talks on how to care for their babies and small children, for they are very ignorant—many of them. Nearly all do the little babies up in tight bands, swaddling clothes, I suppose, for many weeks after birth.

For the men of the village we have a talk of some kind every Sunday—usually religious or political. Now that our electricity is in we hope to use a radiopticon fairly frequently. We had also hoped that the men would use the house as they do the coffee houses, to sit in the evening, play games, smoke, read, buy coffee and sweets, but so far very few of the men have done that, though they turned out in large numbers to an opening evening which we had for them a short time ago. Haralambos says that the reason they don't come is because we don't serve *raki*, one of the chief intoxicating drinks here. I don't know whether this is the reason or not but I had a vivid illustration of the results of the usual patronage of the coffee houses a few days ago when I heard shots and screams outside and saw all the people of the village running in wild excitement. On joining the crowd I learned that three soldiers had got drunk,

quarreled and one had stabbed another in the back. The brother of the injured man was chasing the one who had made the attack with the gun. Luckily no one was seriously hurt but we had enough excitement in our little village to last for some time.

Although we don't seem to have gotten hold of the men as yet the older boys of fifteen to twenty make the house their place of rendezvous every evening. Most of these boys work, though a few attend school in the city. They play games, sing, dance to the music of the mandolin which two of their number play, or often just sit and read. When they first began to come they asked for good story books, so I ordered several from Athens and also keep a couple of Greek dailies on hand. Two nights a week I give them English lessons. They are good pupils.

I want to develop the same kind of thing for the older girls of the village, but so far they come only twice a week,—once for an English lesson which Miss Way, the matron of the college gives them, and once for games and dancing with me. I am particularly fond of these older boys and girls and it seems to me that there are great possibilities in the work for them. Many of the girls work out during the day, others remain at home, but in either case the life of a young girl in a little village here is particularly monotonous. Both the boys and girls have shown, on the whole, a splendid spirit of courtesy and helpfulness.

Every Wednesday morning a fine Greek doctor gives his services for a clinic at the house, and I try to follow up his work by visiting the sick in their homes to take temperatures, give injections and see that they take the medicine as prescribed. It's fine training for me and one of the best ways of coming near the lives of the people.

This is the first real settlement house in Asia Minor, I think. Your support and your prayers mean a great deal in its success. I shall write again later of the future developments and plans.

## Five Open Doors in Bombay

By Emily R. Bissell

**W**E are grateful that there are still five city schools. Times are hard and salaries need to be raised, and we feared one school might have to be closed in order to help the others; but we are pulling on still, and hope to continue doing so.

The year has been a trying one because of an epidemic of sickness during the long, rainy season from June to September. The teachers shared the sicknesses with their pupils and substitutes were the order of the day while the regular teachers stayed out in turn, and went "up country" for a short change to a dryer climate. Rain, rain and more rain, and then "some"—this is the law of the Bombay rainy season; and occasionally the trolleys are stopped, and neither teachers nor pupils can wade through the water in the streets because it is so deep.

The Government Inspector came for his yearly visit during the last week in July and the first week in August, in the midst



Miss Bissell's Home.

of a heavy downfall; yet the pupils were present in usual numbers, decked out in their prettiest, the girls with flowers in their smoothly shining hair—the boys in their best coats and caps, or in borrowed coats and caps if they had no “best” ones of their own! A real test, this attendance in spite of the heavy rain, of their affection for the schools and the teachers.

There have been some permanent changes in the teaching staff,—two we are glad of, one we regret. In the Parel Girls’ School a trained teacher follows an untrained one; and a Normal school man of proved ability succeeds a “failed matriculate” young woman in the McKinley Boys’ School. Our best kindergarten leaves us to teach in her home city of Sholapur, so that she may be a stay and help to her parents in their declining years. Her children love her, her fellow teachers love her and all are sorry to see her go.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has come and gone. A great gathering of 20,000 children was planned in an impromptu stadium to see and honor him, and the older of our pupils were invited and it was a great disappointment to them that the riots of that week, rendering it dangerous to assemble, required that occasion to be “called off.” After quiet had been restored in the city, the Municipal Schools Committee gave every child in all the Bombay Primary Schools a medal of the Prince, and more candy than was good for him or her! But how his eyes shone as he spread out his bit of cloth—called by courtesy a handkerchief!—and carefully tied up his portion in it to take home, surreptitiously breaking off bits to taste before school was finally closed!

Early in the year our long-time faithful superintendent, Mr. Sawde, laid down his task here and obeyed the summons to a higher service in the life beyond. He is greatly missed by the teachers whom he trained and directed; by me who depended on him to visit the schools regularly, and for the keeping of records and accounts; and by the Inspectors of the Educational Department, who found him absolutely dependable and truthful.

I would so like you to come into the Parel School, someday,

with me. First we go upstairs, and find three rooms opening off a narrow balcony. In the first room are seated the first and second grades, with Silabai their teacher, who, though doing quiet steady work, invariably makes me feel I'd like to *shake* her into something brighter and jollier,—something to lighten up the little faces and make their eyes shine with eager attention! Silabai needs to be followed up and given books to read at home to brighten up herself first. Some time we hope this can be done.

The next room is larger, and we are comforted to find more stir and more brightness here. It is the kindergarten room, and the teacher, Shantibai, was trained in our Sholapur Kindergarten Training School; she loves her wee ones, and keeps them interested with games and stories and some real slate work.

The third room is far too small for its purpose, and the cement floor is badly broken up; it has forms and desks for the third and fourth grades, and a table and chair for the teacher, Marthabai,—so crowded, so crowded! But Marthabai is interested in her work, and bright and animated, and we are glad of that even if we do wish she wouldn't raise her voice quite so high. The pupils are interested, too, and especially enjoy the sewing period, and the weekly music hour, when a blind man (Kashinath Mastu, brought up in our own blind school) comes with a small organ and teaches them both hymns and songs. During the sewing periods they sew flags, bags, skirts, short-sleeved *chorlies* and jackets—*polkas*, they call them.

In behind this third room is a small, clean room where the teachers take their lunch at the noon half-hour and indulge in fun and gossip—harmless, let us hope! Behind the first classroom we saw is a small room and this is occupied by the calling woman, that inevitable accompaniment of an Indian School. But our Santibai is no ordinary calling woman I assure you; she is a character, and fortunately a character which all the townspeople trust. For over twenty years she has called together the lads and lassies who attend, with more or less regularity, our Parel Village Girls' School, and faithfully tried her best to in-

duce them to be more rather than less regular. When the Municipal Schools Committee started a rival girls' school a few doors from ours, two or three years ago, and offered Santibai a much larger salary than we could afford, our woman answered, "Do you think I've served this school for twenty years only to change in my old age just for a few rupees?" "Not so is Santibai made?" Last month we were glad to be able to raise her pay from eight to ten rupees but the municipal calling woman receives twelve.

We want—oh, we want *so much*, to start a "middle school" for girls in the Parel Village! There is no school teaching English anywhere in the vicinity, and if we could only do it *now*, we'd have a splendid start, and many of the nicest families would take advantage of it to send their daughters,—and boys, too.

Two hundred fifty-two pupils in these five schools. Pray—pray that what they learn of God our Father, of His holiness and His unfailing love, while attending the schools, may stay with them, and bear fruit in their lives long, long after their schools days are over.



A Marathi School Girl.

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## Editorials

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Beach and family came in February 15 on the "Hoosier State," and met with the W. B. M. P. then in session. They brought good news of the new building for the United Kindergarten Training School, which is rapidly reaching its completion.

**On the  
"Hoosier  
State."**

Miss Cook and Mrs. Christian are helping Miss Phillips in the school, and Mrs. Ting of the Methodist Episcopal Board is charming every one with her efficiency. "I am frankly delighted with what has been done," writes Dr. Kinnear. "The site grows upon one; and I can imagine how a group of children will enjoy the rather unusual pile of rock work that lies in front of the new building. The roof is on, and the tiles will be added soon after New Year's."

The Tacoma, Washington, church has pledged the support of Miss Maude Taylor, the nurse who is to sail this spring for Wai, to gladden the heart of Dr. Rose Beals and make it possible for her to take many more patients into the Maternity Hospital, and thus save many lives which otherwise would be lost on account of lack of proper care.

**Tacoma Enters  
an Open Door.**

Such was the friendship of Dr. and Mrs. John K. Browne for Miss Annie T. Allen. It is a precious contribution that Dr. Browne makes to this number; and Mrs. Browne has also written for the current Bulletin.

**A Life-long  
Friendship.**

Speaking of the quality and permanence of these missionary friendships, Dr. Arthur H. Smith recently wrote—"Where in America could one find the continuity that makes such friendship possible? Who there ever lives with, works with, and loves his comrades for fifty years!"

## A Tribute from a Fellow Worker

By John K. Browne

(Dr. Browne, long a fellow-missionary of the Allens in Harpoot, has sent this tribute from the far West.—*The Editor*.)

**M**Y earliest recollection of Annie Allen, is of a blue-eyed, shyly smiling, sunny haired, sweet little girl of perhaps six or eight years of age away back forty-seven years ago, when she welcomed me to Harpoot and to her home of which I was an inmate a year.

The traits which impressed me in her rapidly developing character, in those far-away days, were her utterly genuine girlishness and guilelessness, her fondness for any kind of play, love of fun, enthusiasm in everything she did, but perhaps most of all her fondness for stories.

My next impressions of our dear Annie are connected with her life with her parents in Auburndale, Massachusetts, during one of our vacations. Her mother had become a great invalid which compelled their permanent return to America in 1896. Annie would be seen on the streets daily, perhaps for hours, wheeling her helpless mother or reading to her, while the same ceaseless care and unwearied devotion were rendered in her loving service at home. Everywhere in Auburndale this devotion was mentioned with an admiration and praise it certainly merited, as seen so seldom. Even in that "Saint's Rest," it was regarded notable. This continued until the gifted mother "fell on sleep," after a fine missionary service, much of it in pain and weakness. But what impressed me especially was the fact that these were the years when Annie was trying to pursue her studies at Wellesley, preparatory to the life of missionary work to which she was dedicated. This total forgetfulness of her ambitious plans finally compelled her to delay her college course. Who can estimate all this meant to a girl who had inherited many of her mother's talents! The Divine Teacher by His own chosen means was giving her a training and preparation in His own school for a service which demanded far more than mere scholarly attainments. We all know the result.

Her rare qualities of heart and mind, as well as her character refined and purified as by fire, have been seen in these years of her splendid service abroad in school and field among many nationalities, and have extorted the admiration and honor even of the Turkish officials. Her service on the mission field has not been one of great length, but crowded with work of rare quality and abiding fruit. Many who have followed her career with admiring love know much of what it has meant to Brousa and the West Turkey Missions.

I meet everywhere on the Pacific Coast her great constituency of lovers who all these years, by her life of unselfish devotion to the work she has known and loved since childhood, have been greatly inspired and developed in their love, gifts and prayer for missions. Her sacrificial life has brought forth a rich fruitage on both sides of the Atlantic. "She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her."

She is sorely missed in Turkey, and hardly less here. In how many meetings of branches will her memory be hallowed, and how many the prayers for a worthy successor! The writer had even anticipated touring with her on her long anticipated visit to the home land. Now she awaits us in the real Homeland, as I hear today in this city near the Gulf of Mexico. It is not a time to moralize, but to accept the challenge to her fine ideal of service.

I felt like this a few months since speaking at a Memorial Service for Mary L. Graffam who died so recently in this city of Sivas. Annie is now my fifth fellow missionary and intimate friend to lay down her life in this city. It is getting strangely associated in my mind these days with Heaven. Let us thank God for all such and call their lives and memories blessed.

*Beaumont, Texas.*

With the golden levers of love and light

I would lift the world; and when

Through a path which kindly deeds made bright

I come to the calm of the starlit night,

Let me rest in peace. Amen! —*Nixon Waterman.*

## Field Correspondents

**Dr. Caroline Hamilton on the way to Aintab writes from Aleppo:**

Sunday morning, and Miss Foreman and I are snugly settled down in her pleasant sitting room. It was cold and damp till a stove was put up yesterday. I am thus far on the way to Aintab. My girls were moved to their new house by January 8 and after spending Sunday with them and helping to vaccinate them all on the following Monday, I tore myself away and drove down to Beirut in perfect torrents of rain. Dr. Kristenson had arrived the week before and was eager to go on to Aintab, but I had to close up accounts for the orphanage, pay farewell calls to the Beirut friends, finish up shopping for friends in the interior, so it was Friday before we could start. It was really a wrench to leave the girls and teachers and Near East friends.

The morning of the 17th Dr. Kristenson and I started for Aintab in one of the N. E. R. trucks, armed with a request from the consul to allow us to proceed and to enter that city. At Killis we found the mayor unwilling to incur any responsibility and were advised to wait there till word could go on to Aintab and an answer be received. This had to be by letter so we decided to return, and have the answer sent to us here. I am sure this was wise. I might have gotten along in Killis, but for Dr. Kristenson it would have been very trying. As five days have passed I am afraid the matter must be referred to their capital. At the suggestion of a Turkish friend I wrote to Dr. Shepard on Wednesday and this went by a trusty messenger. If permission can be granted from Aintab, we may get away by the end of the week,—if not, then we stay here,—how long?

The Near East workers were very kind and cordial and invited me to stay on with them, but Miss Foreman had this large room and a small bedroom, which she was ready to share with me and I was only too glad to accept. I feel sure that I need not be idle, while waiting. The city is filled with Aintab, Marash and Killis people who know me and I have already had a few patients, and shall have more. The people are crowded into dark, unsanitary houses and school rooms and there must be

much illness. Meantime, one thinks of others in still worse straits and feels restive under the delay. The outlook is not very bright. It seems almost wrong to be comfortable here while loved associates are bearing anxiety and annoyances of many kinds. I never realized until recently why Paul linked *hope* with faith and love. Now I understand how necessary it is to complete the triangle.

**Miss Esther B. Fowler writes from Sholapur, India:**

A radiant letter has been received from Miss Fowler of Woronoco Girls' School, Sholapur, written on the very day when she heard of the generous offering, taken at our Annual Meeting in New Haven to enable us to give her again this year the additional \$1000 which we granted last year because of very great need of enlarged appropriations. The letter is a very personal one but will be all the more appreciated because of that.

Good morning! And such a good morning it has been for me. At *chota* your letter came and I have been filled with a feeling of gratitude and praise and awe, too deep to put into words, at the wonderful care and goodness of God. All the year I have not ceased to be thankful for the gift of \$1,000 received in January for the school finances, which had relieved me from anxiety—through my illness. But only last night I went over to Mr. McBride, about the school money because it had gotten so low, I thought I could see the end and I began to be troubled. He said, "Won't the Woman's Board of Missions send you another \$1,000 this year?" I said that was a special, and I cannot expect it again this year. At night when I was thinking about it and praying about it, I was wondering if I could learn the lesson of perfect trust in Him for money.

I have thanked God and consecrated the money to Him, and pray that it may be used in such a way as shall bring honor and glory to His name and that all those who had a part in giving it may be richly blessed. I thank you all for remembering me, and wish I could express how full my heart is of loving gratitude to all for the money and how I long to have it and my services count for the coming of Christ's Kingdom of love and peace and good will on earth.

You will be interested to hear that I have Bai's sister Sumatibai, for a matron now. Of course it meant a larger salary and so an increase in the school budget, but in praying about it Bai and I felt that if God opened the way for her to come, that He would send the money for her. And I knew her influence and work among the girls would be most desirable and helpful.

The last of October was quite a season of weddings for the school and I lost two teachers, one Luximibai, perhaps you may remember, married Sulochanabai's cousin Rangrao in the Scottish Mission Industries in Poona—then, Salubai married and went to Gadag and my matron Kerunabai married Balbhim and has gone to Satara. I feel I have been most fortunate in filling the matron's place and have also filled Salubai's place with one of my old girls who is a trained teacher now and for the present Bai is helping out in Luximibai's place.

Friday I had such an interesting visit from the Kulkarni of Muligao. He has been most friendly. He brought his niece and an aunt with him, and wants me to take the girl into school as a day pupil. She is a widow and has been through much sorrow, and is anxious to study to take up her mind. He is going to look for a house for her near by and have the aunt keep house for her so she can come to school. I took them over the school and they were very much pleased and she gave me two rupees for sweetmeats for the girls. The Anglo Vernacular has done well and has received a good grant for its first 675 rupees.

Extracts from a letter written by Miss Eunice Thomas of Foochow to the Pennsylvania Branch which supports her:

Commencement comes on the 19th of January, and then we close for nearly a month. The students keep the Chinese New Year in their homes, attend special conferences and do many other things in the intervals of the various feasts and celebrations that make it impossible for us to keep school going. The city is planning an anti-gambling campaign just before the close of school so that during vacation days the students may distribute

posters and give talks in their own communities on this vital subject. The China New Year, with the leisure it brings to people who work seven days in the week all the rest of the year, is a time of great temptation, and we hope this movement with all the follow-up work planned by the Moral Welfare Association may have great and lasting success.

I wonder if you people know "Mook," the Mission study book for boys and girls in 1919? I know the hero of this true story. He translated for me when I first came and needed such help. Some of you have written me about reading this book but I wish you all could know it. I don't know anything that could bring you nearer to Foochow. It is such a vivid picture of Foochow and its people as they are. The same author, my dear friend Evelyn Sites, with whom I came out, is publishing a serial story in *Everyland*, called "Jade Flower," a girl I know, a graduate from our school at Diongloh, eighteen miles from Foochow. You see, Mrs. Sites used to be Evelyn Worthley, and belonged to our Mission before she married a Methodist minister. Her mother-in-law and her husband use the old house where his father lived and worked sixty years ago, as a little Northfield for small groups of students or preachers. Last month we took the senior class of our high school department to this place, Ondale, for a week-end retreat, and felt that it did us all lots of good. It is a beautiful place, on a hill looking down a valley, and we city folk find it such a relief to get out of the noise and dirt of Foochow.

On Sunday, our New Year's Day, three of our graduates-to-be joined the church and made the circle of their class complete within the fold, except for one girl from Amoy who naturally prefers to join in her own home. She is an out-and-out Christian, and I feel sure is established in the faith that is so precious to us and so invaluable to Chinese girls in the dark days some of them are bound to spend under the rule of a heathen mother-in-law. Two of the class are marrying at once, but their husbands are Christians, as is more and more the case, to our great

happiness. This requirement that the girl shall be betrothed to a Christian is part of the contract we make with any girl who receives help in the school, but those who pay their own way are free to follow the decision of their parents, and must marry where the best bid is made.

In spite of graduating a large class the prospect is for a large school next term. I am temporarily giving up my own apartment for dormitory purposes, in the hope that in the summer we may enlarge our present quarters. When our hopes are nearer realization, I will tell you more about them. But meanwhile I want you to know how much our work is needed here and how great the pressure is upon us to enlarge our opportunity for service. We could handle a larger student body without any increase in the present staff of teachers and so many more girls could have the chance we offer.

Do you know what it means to a Chinese girl to come to our Christian school? A chance to be clean and well physically. Hot baths by a schedule planned by our Chinese graduate nurse, daily drill and supervised play in our open-air gym under our Chinese graduate physical director. Mentally, a chance to wake up from the death-like sleep of ignorance in China, and join the aristocracy of the educated. Spiritually,—how can I tell all it means? All it means anywhere to come into the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The all-around change is a wonderful process to witness, and it is thrilling to be able to make it possible. This year we have had 125 students. Next year we want 150.

**Miss Nutting of Foochow writes:**

It surely is slow getting into the work out here. After a whole year of study I can understand such a small part of what I hear the Chinese saying and am now getting the tones just enough to realize how much I don't get them, but this year's experience has made me believe that it doesn't take words to get one's meaning across as it does time and patience and an ever burning zeal. The Chinese are quick to supply the word you are groping for if

your hand can convey the meaning your tongue cannot. And they are amazingly kind if you make a ridiculous mistake. I asked the servant the other morning to bring in the "church uncles" thinking I was asking for "doughnuts."

I wish you might have gone with us to the Christian wedding of one of the girls who was in our school some time ago. The boy is not a Christian but consented to have a Christian wedding. So, contrary to all Chinese custom, we saw the groom, attended by two little boys, come in followed by the bride, attended by two little girls, each carrying a bouquet of red coxcomb and other gorgeous flowers. They took their places before the Chinese pastor and Mr. Topping while one of the school teachers played a bridal march. A red blanket, matching the bride's dress, had been spread down before the family altar and the bride stood on one corner and the groom on the other.

After a hymn and prayer, Mr. Topping read the marriage ceremony, to which they signified assent and exchanged rings,—then the pastor explained the meaning of the ceremony to the outside people who had crowded in to watch the proceedings, saying this was the real Chinese wedding now that the old heathenish customs of marriage had been done away with and that anybody who knew anything at all these days would have this kind of a wedding and not their old way where the groom must not even look at the bride and she must be subjected to all sorts of bowing, worshipping and indignities. We saw one wedding where the bride had had to stand all night and let any passers by who wished come in and stare at her, gibe at her and try to make her lose countenance or face as they call it. Many times the groom's friends go as far as they like in annoying her and far be it from him or his people to lift a hand in protecting her.

When I first came I saw a bride forced to bow clear to the ground six times each to over twenty people, tablets and things, and they told us we had only seen part of it. She had not eaten for three days and was pushed up and down by attendants, apparently a mass of almost inanimate flesh in their hands. In happy contrast to this torturing ceremony, our little bride the other day

bowed with her husband three times to his mother, three times to the officiating pastors, three times to the guests, and then, to the delight of the audience, they made three little stiff bows to each other as the conductor of ceremonies requested. Then they marched out as they had come in, the groom preceding, and the bride was allowed to retire to her room. The groom went immediately to the front door and very politely bowed the guests out as we left.

Mr. Topping said it was by far the very pleasantest wedding and the happiest combining of Chinese and Christian custom he had ever seen. Before the ceremony and before the bride had come from her house to his, the foreigners and teachers in our boarding schools and their wives were taken to a clean little upper room and feasted around one table, and the women, all but three of them wives of these same men, around another. As we ate, curious outsiders would peek in the door to see how the foreigners managed the chopsticks, and scabby, dirty dogs would crowd in under the tables to find something to eat. Bible times are much closer to China than they are to America.

**Miss Griswold, Maebashi, Japan, writes of the school work:**

The girls' school and the kindergarten have opened the new school year (this opens in spring in Japan) with all the students and kiddies we can care for. The number of people in Japan now desiring higher education—with the means to pay for it and brains to get it is appalling when you think of our inability to help them. It must make the angels weep—and half of the government revenue goes to the Navy!

You ask who is with me. There is no one this year. Mrs. Hall, my young neighbor, is very congenial and friendly, and that makes a lot of difference. Nevertheless, there are three meals a day to be eaten, and sometimes they are a bore, and sometimes there hardly seems time to eat when people are waiting to see you. I say this in spite of the fact that I preach that "prayer and provender hinder no man." But the opportunities for work are so great that I feel I must have some one to help me. Classes of fifty and sixty girls take a lot out of one even though they bring

great satisfaction. Today I have a big room full of girls to teach Bible whom I have never seen. It is an ever-increasing wonder, too, why they keep coming and coming.

I have an immense correspondence with girls who live in all kinds of mountain homes—most of them are well-to-do or wealthy but after they graduate here and go home, their environment is so different that they do need cheering up. Then there are papers to correct. Here are fifty lives of Christ—or fifty essays on David to be done. It takes hours, but it is very valuable work. We also sell art pictures to our girls who want them. Every one preaches a sermon but it takes time. And the Sunday school work is ever increasing. I seem to be a kind of unofficial director of religious education. Our Christian girls help in the church Sunday school which really is getting to be a model of its kind. The pastor is only about twenty-five and he is out with a line fishing for new ideas.

Miss Griswold writes later:

This morning we heard of the death of one of our recent graduates, a beautiful young woman. She poisoned herself. Today has been full of all sorts of things besides routine work, bitter and sweet. The last was a little girl bringing two princes who want to be baptized. That makes eight on my list and there are others.

Young men are now being conscripted for military training. It takes them away for two years. One was in our Sunday school and most devoted to his class. Another was in the Episcopal Church. Also a Sunday school teacher and a choir member. They run the risk of losing faith, morality and everything and how they all hate it. The people of this land and the military party who run them do not think the same thoughts.

**Miss Melissa Cilley writes from Barcelona, Spain:**

You will be interested to know that we had a little three-act play on Thanksgiving, written by Miss Viets. It was very well written and the girls enjoyed learning it, even though it was in English. I personally enjoyed working with the girls and I

want to make contacts with them in as many ways as possible. I had the story of Thanksgiving explained in all the classes so the girls would catch the spirit of our Day of Giving Thanks. Dramatizing is very valuable from an educational standpoint, especially among these girls. The audience was most enthusiastic.

An incident happened today which I want to pass on to you. One of our older girls came to me, asking that she might be excused from the class in sewing and embroidery two afternoons a week in order that she might have the time to put on Bible Study. She is carrying a heavy schedule this year and her mother punishes her if she does not get her lessons well. How glad I was that she wanted to continue Bible study enough to be willing to give up the embroidery which the Spanish consider so very essential! This girl comes from a Catholic home but her attitude shows, I think, that the school is really accomplishing its purpose slowly but surely. The Spanish teachers are always offering for extra duties and they are doing splendid work with the girls. Already I have grown to love them. Our pupils also are just as lovable as our own sisters; I truly hope we can mean something definite in their lives.

I want to know the people better and also the entire country, for our girls come from all parts, so I shall try to see a bit more of Spain this vacation after the



One of the Students at Barcelona.

Christmas services and festivities are over. As soon as the opportunity offers I wish also to visit the different mission stations.

**Miss Annie Barker writes of the religious side of Gedik Pasha:**

The weeks and months have been so full since I came back to this land that I can hardly realize that Miss Putney's furlough is more than half over. We do not like to think of the time when Miss Dickinson will leave us.

The school attendance is not quite so large this year as it was last, owing to the shortness of money. We have kept the tuition at as low a figure as possible, but even so many of our old pupils are finding it hard to pay the bills. The falling off is in the kindergarten, as it was during the war. Many applicants for the upper grades have had to be refused because we could not make room for them. There is an attendance of two hundred fifty-eight, ninety-nine of whom are Moslems.

The Wednesday afternoon before Thanksgiving, the school had an appropriate program, and the children brought gifts for the poor,—rice, potatoes, fruit, bread, etc. The room in which they were collected looked like a grocery store, so generous were the gifts. A committee composed of three nationalities divided the things and looked after the distribution. The following Sunday, there was a special program for the Sunday school, over in the Vlonga Church. The room, which is large, was filled, so I am sure there must have been 400 or more present. Three pastors gave brief talks in three languages, and while this was going on a more orderly lot of young folk would be hard to find anywhere.

Bodvelli Stambouljian spoke in Turkish so most of the people understood him, but when the Greek and Armenian were used it was different. I wish the people who contribute to Bodvelli Stambouljian's salary could know him. He is a rare man, deeply in earnest, magnetic, and a good deal of an orator. He can hold an audience of children as well as grown people. Naturally, he is a very busy person, having this work in addition to being pastor of Emmanuel Church. His Bible Class here often numbers seventy.

We were very much pleased in the autumn when Bodvelli Stambouljian came to us and asked what we thought of a plan to

have the Vlonga Church people and those who came here unite in their prayer meeting. We were doubtful about the willingness of the Armenian-speaking pastor to have Turkish the language of the services part of the time, but later we learned that he quite approved, and the plan has been carried out. One week Bodvelli leads in Turkish and the next Bodvelli Djedjizian in Armenian. People are asked to take part in whichever language they prefer. The meetings are well attended, and many are the earnest prayers that go up from this group of Christians.

A new plan for the work of Bible women is being formed. We have a very good woman now, Marie Hanum Sarkisan, and the committee that has this work in charge has asked her to be on the lookout for others suitable for such service. The opportunities are very great and we hope there will be a woman in connection with each church who can visit the large groups of refugees located in different parts of the city. Miss Mary Riggs did quite a little visiting among these people last spring and summer, and she invariably received a warm welcome. A budget for this work is being raised and we hope to get enough to carry out the plans so carefully worked out.

Has anyone written of the coming to our Mission of Lutfi Effendi Levonian? He was a professor in Aintab College and suffered much with others at the time of the deportation. Later he went to England and spent some time studying in Cambridge. He was invited to come here, study the situation, and find out how he could make the best use of his time and talents. Lutfi Effendi is to begin a Bible study class for teachers especially, this week. Our teachers are most enthusiastic about it and we hope there will be others who will want to join.

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"A man may be a blot or a blessing, but a blank he cannot be."

"Let us fail in trying to do something, rather than sit still and do nothing."

"Only consistent giving keeps the soul from shrinking."

"God will not look you over for medals, degrees, and diplomas, but for scars."

"Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self." \*

Prayer  
at Noontide



Encircling  
the Earth

## The Call of the Sun

By Mrs. Charles H. Daniels

A tramp along three miles of a country road in the very early spring is illuminating spiritually. One is first impressed with the dull, ragged aspect of nature, so pitifully human when the human is "out at the heels." The road is oozing with the wettest sort of mud. Late rains and melting snow have washed gullies at the sides. All tints of field, pasture and woodland are neutral, drabs and dull browns. Trees hold up their branches still lifeless, stark, expressionless, as they have stood all winter. The Christmas ferns, so perfect and green at the holiday season, are faded and bedraggled among dead leaves and slimy stems. Even the oak leaves which cling tenaciously to life and keep up a fairly smart appearance during the winter, have lost their russet tint and hang like poor imitation paper leaves, pale and disconsolate.

This is the first impression—and yet, even while that is dominant, one is aware of something alive, blue, gold, shining and glorious, a something that keeps a thrill in the heart and makes the step buoyant notwithstanding mud and arctics.

Now is the moment to stop still in the road and look upward to a cloudless dome of blue wherein the orb of life-giving power shines in matchless radiance. He speaks—he calls—there is almost an audible voice. His presence is warm, permeating and personal. And the dull, wet, cold earth listens—listens—hears and stirs. Are there any least signs of the stirring? Yes, strange we did not think before that the soft, oozy ground beneath our feet with tiny rivulets running down the hills in the ruts are Nature's first answer to the call of life. The icy surface has yielded. The way is open into the very heart of Mother Earth. That which is disagreeable in some of its features is nevertheless full of promise.

Up yonder, on the knoll in a pasture, between the gleaming stems of slender birches, the faintest fleck of green shows in patches—another response. And here are pussy willows in soft and silvery buds. From an apple orchard a robin answers, “Here”, and as we walk on in wonder and joy, blue-birds trill their gentle message of life and love. A plowed field arrests attention and suggests a new line of thought. Man must help the sun or there will be no harvest!

#### THE CALL OF IMMORTAL LIFE

Still trudging along the country road one is now absorbed with reflections upon that supreme thought, Immortality, suggested and illustrated by the radiant sun. Out in the broad spaces of Nature’s death, with the miracle of renewed life and beauty in the very process before one’s eyes, immortality of the soul’s life receives fresh confirmation. It seems more sure than any other fact. The wonder of its stretching possibilities overwhelms the human mind. Yet it is a warming thought even as the sun’s rays are warm today along the road and over the fields. Those of our dear ones who were dead but are alive, at such an hour as this become “more abundantly” alive and actual. The veil between us is gossamer thin. We cannot help picturing them as they lay cold and unresponsive to our love. But we may go on and picture the call of God which broke the bonds of death and led out into the freedom and joy of the new life immortal. Spring is so sure! Come early or late, it is sure and never fails to follow winter. Just as sure the spring of spiritual life, just as full of beauty and the promise of fruit.

#### GOD’S NEED OF HUMAN HELP

Returning to the plowed field, one is reminded that the sun cannot prepare soil, plant seeds, cultivate and gather harvests for the use of mankind. Human hands and brains must care for such processes and the sun and showers will provide the power for growth, the real life within the growing forms.

This thought leads to the subject of our Lenten readings, *The*

*Working out of Redemption.* It suggests that God and man must work together in the redemption of the world. God has revealed the Way and He calls in power and warmth for men and women to take the Way and find Life.

Immortal life begins here and now. We may not be dogmatic as to how God will manage with those who make no response to His call in this present life. But we know that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation"; we know that the individual, the world and God call loudly and continuously for the higher life of love and service to begin here.

For this great task of preparing soil and planting spiritual seed in the hearts of men and women you and I, with all who are already alive in Christ, bear the responsibility. The poet Coleridge said that the reason there are not more Christians is because more Christians do not go directly to people and tell them how to become Christians.

The harvest of immortal life is the great end and aim of earthly living. In a few weeks men will be busy all over the countryside doing their part while the sun's rays do theirs. May the holy Easter season reveal to us not alone a fresh glimpse into life immortal beyond this one, but also a new vision of our share in God's call to people to come *now* and enjoy immortal life in this present world.

## Our Book Shelf

*What Shall I Think of Japan?* By George Gleason. Published by Macmillan Company, N. Y., 1921. Pps. 284, with index and appendices. Price, \$2.25.

The reviews of this book are universally commendatory. It is timely. People are still asking, "What shall I think of Japan?" Japan is yet on trial before the world's tribunal. The book has been written for the times, and so discusses such matters as Shantung, Siberia, Manchuria, Korea and China. It dwells upon the relations between Japan and America. Though written before the Washington Conference it nevertheless can be read with

assurance. The author is well known for his sincerity, fairness and courage. Having lived for a score of years in Japan, associating daily with Japanese leaders, official and otherwise, he knows whereof he speaks. The book, however, is well balanced. It is not uniformly pro-Japanese. Mr. Gleason does not hesitate to condemn the Japanese government for its blunders in Prussianism and diplomacy any more than he does those Americans who expect perfection in the Japanese people.

The appendices of the book are of lasting value. They contain the correspondence between the Allied Powers and Admiral Kolchak, the text of the Shantung Treaty between China and Germany, the Twenty-one Demands, etc.

The chapters on "The Future of Japan" and "Can Japanese be Christians?" are full of encouragement and cheer. E. F. B.

*The Disintegration of Islam.* By Samuel M. Zwemer, F. R. G. S.

Published by Fleming H. Revell

This book is helpful as a call to the Lord's intercessors, concerning the millions of Moslems who are included among the nations to be disciplined. It is well-printed, easily read, and direct to its purpose. The arguments and citations from many authors are to the point.

The second section gives the long record of schism which has resulted in failure. The immoral influence of the Prophet affected all the divisions of Islam. Since they have no Father—God, the prodigal has wandered afar, and come to grief. He must now come to the Deliverer—Son, or perish. His only way is that of Jesus, the Christ.

The "political collapse" of Islam is proved; but the disintegration does not bring the Moslem to the feet of his only true Over-Lord.

Especially do we commend the carefully written statements of the final section, "The Present-Day Attitude to Christ and Christianity." Christ in *His* Attitude to Islam cannot fail. Disintegration must lead on to Doom. The little book of Obadiah gives the final result of this issue. "Saviours shall come up on Mount Zion to judge the Mount of Esau; and the Kingdom shall be the Lord's." Obadiah. vs. 21.

H. T. PERRY.

## Junior Department

Dear Girls and Junior Leaders:—

Going to Northfield? Has anyone asked you yet? If they have not, let me give you the invitation. Some of you do not need a second invitation, but others of you will say at once, "But why Northfield?" If you want life, pep, joy, rare friendships, oh, so many, many things that one sentence couldn't possibly hold them all, then you will find them at Northfield at the Foreign Missions Conference in July. Some of you are scared and some have lost interest because I've mentioned foreign missions, but wait until you hear what Northfield means, and then decide whether or not you can miss this wonderful opportunity.

The Conference only lasts a week if we reckon in days, but the inspiration, if we reckon in spirit, lasts,—well, mine that came last summer seems almost as real as it was then, and I've had a pretty busy winter. Girls from many states gather there and live in denominational camps. There is "Westminster" for the Presbyterians, "Salaam" for the Baptists, "Wesleyan" for the Methodists," but, best of all to us "Aloha" for Congregationalists. Let me tell you what a day at Aloha and Northfield is, and then you can judge for yourselves whether it is not the best spot on earth to go for a conference.

First of all, Aloha Camp consists of about twenty-five tents, "all standing in a row," just on the edge of a wonderful pine grove. Four girls live in each tent, and for every four tents there is a counselor who helps in the planning of courses, and who also sees to it that you go to bed at night and wake up on time in the morning. Our day starts at 7.30 A. M., when we gather in the pine grove for morning prayers. Can you picture a more perfect way of starting the day than this quiet prayer and praise service out in God's woods where the dew sparkles in the sun as it filters through the pines, and where the only accompaniment to our hymns is the tinkle of the little brook as it flows along at the foot of the hill? Just before eight we form in line and start on our march to breakfast in Gould Hall. It is just great to swing along to Aloha's marching song in the freshness of the morning!

After breakfast come the various classes. The first hour is spent in Bible study. There are groups for all ages, younger girls and older people, so each can find a class that suits her age. Then come the Methods classes, where you can stock up on ideas and plans for Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, or Girls Club enough to last the whole winter. Mixed in between classes and dinner come three or four events open to anyone who wishes to attend. These include the big discussion meeting regarding the newest mission study book and a noonday session of prayer and choir rehearsal. Many girls find it fun to sing in a choir with people from so many different places and enjoy contributing to the program as they are able to through their willingness to give this service.

After this round of classes, you are ready for a dinner at Gould. Aloha shares the dining room with Westminster, so you can easily guess that we have a jolly time singing to each other as we eat. Our afternoons are spent in various ways, rest and fun being the main features. But there are possibilities of auto trips to some of the important places near Northfield, and there are always rehearsals for various events.

Directly after supper we all go to Round Top Sunset service. Do you remember I told you about how we started the day in the quiet grove? Well, this is our evening out-of-door service. As we sing and listen to wonderful messages, we can see the river wending its way through the valley below us, while behind it the New England hills stand like sentinels of faith. The last service of the day is held in the Auditorium, and there you can hear the missionaries themselves tell their experiences. When ten o'clock comes, we are ready to put out our lights and go to sleep.

There are special events which I must mention, such as the out-of-door pageant in which girls from all the camps take part. Then one evening we have a huge bon-fire, each camp sings its own songs, and we all sing praises to Northfield. One afternoon we go to Garnet Rock or some other beautiful spot for our camp

picnic. At other times we often have serenades for our camp leader, or for the faculty, or we go to sing to other camps.

To me there is something more important than all these wonderful meetings and good times. It is the new life that comes to the girl who goes to Northfield. In the grove you can talk to God as you never could before, and the new friends that you make help you to realize the true meaning of friendship.

One letter (no, not even a dozen) could never adequately describe what Northfield really means, so won't you plan to go and see for yourselves this year? Write to the Young People's Department of the Woman's Board of Missions for a circular, and meet me in July at Northfield. I shall be looking for you.

Your friend who loves Aloha.

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The Young People's Department is glad to pass on to all the girls in our territory this fine letter from one of the girls who attended Northfield last summer. We are sure it will appeal to every girl and that it will lead many of you to make your plans and pack your trunk for Northfield this year. There are a few things that you must remember.

1. The dates of the Conference are July 12-20, 1922.
2. Twenty-five dollars should cover all necessary expenses for those within one hundred miles of East Northfield.
3. Register early. The Camp fills up quickly. Send your registration to Young People's Department, Woman's Board of Missions, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
4. Send for the folder, "All About Aloha Camp," with full details for your information.
5. The age limit has been restored to its former basis and girls from sixteen to twenty-five can be admitted to the Camp.

## Here and There Stories

More and more leaders of children, teachers of Sunday School classes and the boys and girls themselves, are becoming familiar with *Here and There Stories* which the Woman's Board of Missions and the Woman's Home Missionary Federation have published jointly for several years past. The *Stories* have long since demonstrated their value and interest through the standard of excellence achieved for the *Stories* themselves and the fact that they meet a long-felt want, namely:—suitable story material *to tell* to boys and girls.

This past year the Federation has found it necessary to discontinue its share of the financial support because of the pressure of other demands on the budget. As this fact has become somewhat known to leaders, especially in New England, we want to notify the public at this time that the future of *Here and There Stories* is assured and that there will be no cessation of the publication nor any lessening of the standard.

It has become possible for the Missionary Education Department of the Congregational Education Society to take over the publication of *Here and There Stories* with the co-operation of the Woman's Board of Missions. The form and date of publication is to continue as previously. A year's subscription, at the nominal price of twenty-five cents, will include as heretofore twenty numbers, one home and one foreign story each month, except July and August. There are club rates offered for those taking larger subscriptions. Have you used the *Stories*? Try them in the Junior Department of your Sunday School by way of illustrative material or as material for the story telling period or the opening service of worship. Use them in the Junior Christian Endeavor Society or in the home. Give them to some of your friends as a personal subscription throughout the year. We know of one public school where *Here and There Stories* are being used to teach international friendship and world brotherhood.

For information regarding the *Stories* write to Here and There Stories, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Note the rates. For single subscription, 25 cents a year; for ten copies to one address, \$2.00; twenty-five copies, \$3.75; 100 copies, \$10.00. Single stories, 5 cents each.



## For Reading on Missionary Topics, Apply to Loan Library

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These or others on our list will be sent by mail or express, as desired, though we are sorry to have to limit the distance to points east of Ohio. Terms: Books loaned free for two weeks. Postage charged to and from Boston. A fine of two cents a day on books kept over two weeks. For catalogue or for books apply to

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